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was called the third founder of the state, classed with Romulus and Camillus as greatest of Romans. Plutarch says that at a moment he was silent with indignation, the officer asked what message he bore to the governor, replied, "Tell that thou hast seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage," as if to him the ruins of that once glorious city seemed not in vain to illustrate his own.

Vanderlyn conceives his picture of Marius in this answer has been sent. He represents a Roman of the age when physical perfection was not traditional, and the finest specimens were found in the Roman army. The head of Marius, copied from a bust bearing his name which was dug up in Italy, seems to represent the character of Roman civilization. The short, firm, compact head, square-set jaws, indicate power of endurance and an indomitable will. The expressive expression of his eyes shows that he is contemplating "Marius" and his times, not the world who may happen to be gazing at him. The emotion has communicated itself to his right arm, the muscles of which are rigid and tense; a short sword is grasped in this hand. At his feet is his helmet, and his left hand rests on an opening of one of those immense vaults, which it is said now form the only remains of Carthage. This, the right-hand corner of the picture is in intense shadow. The objects are rather intimidated than attracted. The light falls more fully upon the black ground, which is of a composite and somewhat hackneyed character.

It perhaps does not take away anything from the truthfulness of the picture that the temple in the back ground suggests the Parthenon at Athens. The massive remains which tower over the head of Marius belong to Hadrian's villa near Rome, and the ruined aqueduct in the distance is copied from the Claudian aqueduct. These all may be had, if not their *fac similes* in Carthage, at least specimens of architecture sufficiently resembling them. The real objection is that the objects chosen are so well known and so readily recognized, that the effect involuntarily occurs that Marius has brought Italy and Greece into exile with himself.

The artist introduces a happy touch from nature when he paints a fox just startled from its haunts at the foot of the portico of the deserted temple. It is one of those details which seem to make solitude more solitary and tells how entirely unfrequented human footsteps the place must be.

The coloring of this picture has been the object of especial commendation, the dark colors combining to produce a simplicity of effect in keeping with the almost epic character of the subject. The flesh tones of the face, shoulders and feet which are almost tawny in hue. The hair which has fallen from the shoulder and the figure in heavy folds, is sombre. The ruins are in rich browns or dark tones, relieved by the blue waters of the Mediterranean which are seen beneath the

arches of the aqueduct, and the blue sky above it filled with grey, drifting clouds.

The picture is one, however, which impresses more by the study of general effect than by detail. The solitary figure, seated in lonely but unsubdued desolation, the desolation of the mighty city where time has already aided her enemies in destroying her grandeur, unite in conveying an idea of the unconquerable spirit of a resolute manhood. Was it not this that Napoleon saw in the picture? this which he could prize and appreciate as few men could, when he honored it by awarding to it the medal?

It is to this picture, more than to any other, that Vanderlyn owes his fame as an artist, not only on account of the honor which it received from abroad, but also to its alleged superiority. It has already increased in popular estimation, and time, which but mellows its tints, will make it more widely known and better appreciated.

AN HOUR WITH SULLY.

BY R. FITZGERALD.

Was there ever a more genial old gentleman? He is now in his 87th year, and so good is his health that he is able to paint four or five hours every day. We found him standing before his easel, painting a Spanish boy, a remarkable sketch in every respect, but particularly striking for grace and fancy. The handling is vigorous, the color fresh and life-like, and the whole treatment simple, broad and free, in the best manner of this master. Mr. Sully, as we look at him now, reminds us of the noble and gentle West, as he appears in his latest portraits, with his brown wrapper, very delicate complexion, and chaste and subdued expression. The men are not unlike in character, and both will ever rank high in public estimation. West was born in America, and reached enviable distinction in England. Sully was born in England, and no one ever stood higher with our people. More than sixty-five years have passed since he came to Philadelphia from Charleston, to live with us. Yesterday your correspondent said, "Mr. Sully, what do you think the people will do in the other world?" "Ah, who can tell,"—and then he added quickly, "I hope they will let me paint!" He is a very amiable old gentleman, quite talkative, and deeply interesting. Looking at the portrait of Mrs. Sully (she has been dead about two years) hanging over the mantelpiece in the front parlor, we said, "What a grand work! Perhaps it is the finest portrait ever painted in the country, and one of the best the world has seen!" The gentle and engaging old man said, "You praise it too highly; but if they will save this one they may burn all the others."

"Do you like to paint?"

"I am miserable when I cannot work, and always happy when employed."

"You are likely to rival Titian, at least in age."

The dear old man smiled. "You would make me vain. Titian was a heaven-born genius. I forget how long he lived. Did he

reach one hundred, or was it only ninety?"

"About ninety."

"I sometimes think they have forgotten me. And yet I hope not. I am waiting—have been waiting for some time for the summons—ever since *she* was taken. My life has been peaceful, and not unprofitable; but I am tired, and would find the promised rest."

The old gentleman is a Unitarian. He is patient, hopeful, lovable. His home is made happy by his unmarried daughter, Blanche. General Sully, (the Indian fighter,) is his only surviving son.

THE BOWDOIN COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

BY PROFESSOR J. B. SEWALL.

The Hon. James Bowdoin, son of Gov. Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, closing his services as minister of the United States, at the court of Madrid, in December, 1805, removed to Paris, and resided for three years. During this time he made a collection of paintings, ninety-one in number, which he brought to the United States in 1809. At his death in 1811, they were left by his will to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., which had been named for his father, and of which he had been the benefactor. For many years the college had no room in which they could be properly exhibited, and even now the wing of the beautiful building, the chapel, in which they are hung, is poorly lighted, and otherwise ill-adapted for their exhibition. Many of them also were very dingy, and in need of restoration, so much so, that it was difficult to tell what they were and whether they were really worth the labor and expense. At the suggestion of Hon. R. C. Winthrop and others, in 1850, a part were put into the hands of D. Chase, and a part into the hands of G. Howarth, of Boston, for restoration, and on being hung in their place, the college first became aware of the value of the collection it possessed.

Unfortunately no proper catalogue came with the pictures, whether because Mr. Bowdoin never had one made, or because it was lost, is not known. But in the catalogue which did come, it is claimed that most of the pictures are genuine works of masters. And when it is remembered that the period in Europe at that time was one of great disturbance, when kings were fleeing from their capitals, and nobles were following in their train, it is at once seen to be a probable thing that genuine pictures could be obtained. There are many pictures in European galleries, which from this cause, have a strange history of wanderings and changes to tell, e. g., "Leda and the Swan" in the gallery at Berlin.

The following are the most noteworthy of the collection: No. 2, "*The Equipment of Cupid*." This is Titian's, a duplicate or a copy. The catalogue says it came from the Grand Duke's palace, at Florence. If so, it is an original. The same picture is to be seen in the Borghese Palace, at Rome, called in Murray, "*The Three Graces*"; in Baedeker, "*Cupid Equipped by Venus*" by Titian, and